

THE BABY SHAD

Its Development as Witnessed at the Fish Commission Station.

WHY THIS FISH IS SO PLENTIFUL

A Picturesque Phase of the Work at the Fishing Shore.

HAULING THE SEINE

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.



UST NOW, WHEN Clupea sapidissima-"most savory shad" -is most savory when the river is so full of its countless schools that the fish erman is abusing the same fates for giving him too many fish which he abused a few years ago for not giving him enough, is a favorable chance to se how the fish you had yesterday probably

"A Long, Swenty Pull."

stops and the swearing begins.

A "hang" is a sunken log, a stump or other malicious device of the fickle tutelary who manipulates the luck of the fisherman, and is calculated to tear out from ten to fifty yards of net and to cause a corresponding breach of the proprieties on the part of the seine captain. The idea has been advanced that a seine could be cleared of a hang without the use of profanity, but the statement was made by a minister of the gospel who had never directed a seine haul and was based purely on theory. The experiment has never been made.

been made.

If there be no "hang" the net comes quietly ashore and the captives are gradually huddled into the diminishing semicircle.

A lighter is brought alongside and the

A lighter is brought alongside and the fish are ladled into it by means of a dipnet, and then the work of the spawn-takers begins. The herring are separated from the shad and from these are selected the "ripe" fish, that is to say, those which are ready for spawning. From these the eggs and milt are taken by pressing the abdomen, and put together in pans in proper proportions; water is added and the whole is gently agitated to insure a proper mingling.

mingling.

When all the available fish have been stripped the eggs are taken ashore to the small hatchery and placed in jars for about

thirty-six hours' development before ship

ping to the central station. At the end of this time they have become sufficiently hardened for transportation and are carefully spread out in two layers upon small, wire-bottomed trays covered with muslin. The trays are then piled one upon another straying together in steads of constants.

other, strapped together in stacks of con

other, strapped together in stacks of convenient size for handling and sent by boat to the city, where the eggs are once more placed in jars.

The night seine haul is even more interesting and picturesque than the operation by daylight. The lights of the pumphouse, the hatchery and the long line of lamps along the beach make the scene a

lamps along the beach make the scene

lamps along the beach make the scene a very brilliant and pretty one, and even the darkeys seem to feel its romantic influence. As the boat dashes away from the shore the shandy-man of the crew, a big, deep-chested fellow with the voice of a buil, starts up a song. The rest join him, and as its plaintive melody comes floating across the dark water with its rhythmic accompaniment of the rattle of oars, now when the contract of the contract of

breeze, you have emotions which you would like to be able to express. There is a rare harmony there—the night the placid water, the gentle lapping of the

waves, and the distant chorus-which

makes you yearn for an immortal power of

makes you yearn for an immortal power of pen or brush to make it permanent, that you might share its charm with those who are not present to see and hear. You look about for some one to whom you may impart a little of your superfluous sentiment, which, when unexpressed, grows burdensome. There is the seine captain, sitting in the door of his quarters, but he is examining a recent leak in his rubber boots, so he is not in a receptive frame of mind. Near by is an old darkey, a superannuated seine hauler, whose long silence and rapt expression persuade you that he is as much carried away by the night's poetry as you are, and if you can draw him into giving words to his feelings you may uncover sen-

words to his feelings you may uncover sen

words to his feelings you may uncover sentiments of which you had not thought.

"Good evening, uncle; it is a beautiful night," you say, as a starter.

"Good evenin', sah, 'Deed, it sut'ny is, sah!" he returns with enthusiasm. "It's jes' dat kind of a night, sah, as is boun' to fotch de ole man out. W'en it comes an light lak dis 'yah an' dey's a-haulin' seine, I says to my ole woman, 'Lucindy, I'se agwine down to de feeshin' sho'. An' she says, says she, 'Mose, you sholy is a fool! Gwine totin' yo' rheumatics down t'roo de wet grass an' trompin' roun' lak you was a fo'-yeah-ole steah. You sut'ny kin be a idjit.' But good lan'. W'en de stahs is a-twinklin', an' de lights on de sho' is a-gimmerin', an a little breeze is a-blowin'

glimmerin', an a little breeze is a-blowin

lak dis 'yah, an' de niggahs is a-haulin

knows he's jes' boun' to git a mess o' o ties. Yah, yah! 'Deed he is! 'Deed he

you're going?'
Mr. Joker-

away, now rising again on the you have emotions which you would

got its start in life. You should take half an hour and drop into the central station of the United States fish commission to observe how some of nature's methods have been improved upon by man, and how he has discounted her boasted economy.

serves they are summoned from their quarters adjoining the boat house, whence you have heard the occasional notes of the fiddle and banjo. They wade out and tumble into the long, shallow seine boat, in the stern of which is piled the net, and with the regularity of stroke of man-of-war's-men they drive her with nearly a score of oars out into the stream and over an immense circle.

From the stern is paid out, first, some hundred yards of hauling line, then a vast length of seine. A curve of nearly a mile brings the boat ashore again and all hands lay hold of the seine for a long, sweaty pull, aided by the creaking capstan, round which an over-fed horse wends his weary way. The men wade well out into the river and make fast to the lead line the bight of a short rope, which goes over the shoulders, then walk backward to the shore, leaning well against the pull, and the net comes slowly and steadily in—unless it strikes a "hang," when the hauling stops and the swearing begins.

A "hang" is a sunken log, a stump or other malicious device of the fickle tutelary. The large, stone-flagged apartment on the ground floor of the establishment is occupied in part by six or eight large tables ch surmounted by a dcuble row of glass hatching jars arranged in series of twelve around small aquaria. The jars are from one-half to two-thirds full of shad eggs, which are kept in constant agitation by a stream of water introduced through a tube



The Gillers' Camp. connected with a general supply pipe above.

and are joined by an overflow siphon to the aquarium, whither the young fish are conveyed as soon as hatched.

You may see, in the different jars, every stage of the entire process of development, from the condition just after fertilization, when the egg is no more than a tiny transfrom the condition just after fertilization, when the egg is no more than a tiny transparent sphere, about the size of a small pea, until the first shadowy outlines of the embryo appear and gradually assume the form of a fish, wriggling for a day or so with increasing vigor until it breaks the shell. It is so nearly transparent that without close observation you will see but little of the animal except two very bright eyes, even so late as the third day, when the fish is on the point of being hatched. But under a microscope the changes can be watched and recorded from moment to moment, and the rapidity with which they be watched and recorded from moment to moment, and the rapidity with which they follow each other is astonishing. Compared with the weary dawdling of a setting hen the celerity of development is marvelous. In a very minutes after the egg has been impregnated one side of the yolk has swol-len perceptibly into a small, elevated disk, which gradually spreads over short say. which gradually spreads over about one-half of the sphere, and shortly you can dis-cern upon it the rapidly growing outline of the embryo.

mediately the eyes, which are the first Immediately the eyes, which are the first of the series organs to be developed, appear at one end and at the other the tail begins to bud. At the end of the second day in the jar this appendage has sprouted to considerable length and the little fellow is able to flirt itself about in the narrow confines of the egg. Some time during the next twenty-four hours it will break through, and after a struggle has set it free from the incumbrance of the broken shell it will swim about in the jar until the overflow carries it into the receiving tank to join some hundreds of thousands of its fellows.

The fresh-hatched shad has little of the beauty and symmetry of the full-grown fish. His countenance, in the first place, is indicative of callowness and vapidity. In

fish. His countenance, in the first place, is indicative of callowness and vapidity. In the second, his shape is spoiled by the enormous distension of his abdomen, to which is attached a considerable portion of the original yelk. But in this his beauty has been sacrificed to a very praiseworthy utility. He will subsist upon this yelk for nearly a week without having to hunt for a mouthful, and will thus be able to devote his entire attention to his education.



The Line of Tents.

Before the contents of his larder have been absorbed the fish will be planted in some tidal stream to make his own living and at last to go down to the sea for the winter. Thus the young shad is given at least the adow of a ghost of a chance to live to ma shadow of a ghost of a chance to live to maturity, which under nature's haphazard method, it would scarcely seem to have. Untold thousands perish in the egg to every one that is hatched; whereas, the proportion lost in artificial propagation is infinitesimal. It is this manner of manipulation which has saved the shad fishery of the Potomac from almost complete extinction, and the best possible commentary upon the fish commission's work is the present glut of the market. In 1878 the product of the fisheries of this river, whose value had steadily decreased after the war, amounted to about 186,000 shad. Today these fish are so plentiful that it is hardly profitable to catch them, and many shores have suspended operations. But the most picturesque phase of the work is to be seen at the collecting station at Bryan's Point, some fifteen miles down the river. Uncle Sam operates a fishing shore there, with all its interesting accessories of old boat house, seine boat, capstans and negro seine haulers, supplemented by the half martial turity, which under nature's haphazard Sam operates a fishing shore there, with all its interesting accessories of old boat house, seine boat, capstans and negro seine haulers, supplemented by the half martial appearance loaned by the line of tents occupied as quarters by the employes. This station was formerly at Fort Washington, but when the War Department commenced the construction of the new battery at that the construction of the new battery at tha point it was transferred, the building were floated down, hauled ashore and

up in their present situation.

The "berth" is only leased, however, though it is likely that some day the commission will acquire permanent possession and establish appropriate buildings and The Abundance, Beauty and Variety of Wild Flowers.

IN THE MARKETS AND ON THE STREETS

Where They Come From and How They Are Obtained.

GROWING POPULARITY



ROM THE TIME when the memory of man runneth not, the people of Washington have boasted of their could be found the thousand and one good things which in the mind of so many make life worth liv ing. But while the Washington markets have a full supply of all the substantials

and delicacies which tempt the sense of taste, not until recent years have the people had their sense of sight delighted by the sweet-smelling masses of flowers now to be daily seen in the Washington markets. Today, stand after stand, covered with growing plants and flowers, and with cut flowers as well, gladdens the eyes of everyone visiting the markets. The floral dis plays in the Washington markets are, indeed, wonderful, and are an endless source of pleasure to all visiting them, particu-larly so to those strangers who rightly con-sider our markets points of real and at-tractive interest.

There are other floral displays, however, in which appear the sweet and innocent dwellers of the fields and woods. But these displays are made not within the walls of the markets, but on the sidewalks and roadways about them. They are brought to the city by the country folks and by the colored men, women and children, whose natural picturesqueness is one of the features even today of the Washington markets. Keeping pace with the production and sale of the cultivated flowers, the abundance and demand for the wild flowers have increased. have increased.

Abundance of Flowers.

Where, a few years ago, two or three va rieties of these inhabitants of the fields and woods were offered for sale, today are seen a score or more. The country about the city is remarkable not only for the numervarieties of wild flowers, but as well for their delicacy and beauty. One has to go but a little way outside of the city to gather a beautiful bunch of these flowers. But most of those seen in the markets come from beyond the limits of the Dis-trict. The hills and valleys about Arling-ton furnish many as do the river banks. ton furnish many, as do the river banks and fields above the Aqueduct and Chain bridges. The neighboring counties of and fields above the Aqueduct and Chain bridges. The neighboring counties of Maryland are no less generous, and while flowers are plentiful throughout the fields and woods of the District, the supply from the outside is by far the largest.

The first wild flower to appear in the markets is the delicately perfumed arbutus, which comes in March, Ouickly following

markets is the delicately perfumed arbutus, which comes in March. Quickly following it comes the wood or field violet, the perfumeless cousin of the English violet. Then come the yellow buttercups; the morning stars, white, star-shaped, long-stemmed flowers; innocence, tiny blue flowers, upon slender stems; Quaker bonnets, small, dark blue clustered flowers; wood anemone, or wind flower; azalea, or swamp honey-suckle or pink; may apple; pany violets. wind flower; azalea, or swamp honeysuckle or pink; may apple; pansy violets,
or Johnny jump-ups; columbine; Dutchman's breeches; Jack in the pulpit, and
then the daisles, or, as they are known to
some people, white weeds, and with then
come the cone flowers, or yellow daisles.
And about the time the humble little
daisles are in the markets and on the
streets the swamp magnolia with its sweet daisles are in the markets and on the streets the swamp magnolia, with its sweet, pervading perfume, makes its welcome bow. Recently has been found on sale what is called by the country people who sell it California or Russian clover.

It has a rather attractive appearance and in the fields a number of them look not unlike a patch of ripe strawberries. Then, the markets exchange helps.

too, are sold in the markets crabapple blos soms, wild cherry blossoms, dogwood, and, not infrequently, branches of peach and

Effect on the Market.

markets, but also in great quantities on the streets. Of course, their sale has to some slight extent affected the demand for cultivated flowers, but not nearly so much stated a well-known florist to a Star reporter, as might be expected. The class of people, he explained, purchasing the wild varieties are altogether different from those purchasing cultivated stock, the difference eing mainly a matter of mere taste. Then, too, said another florist, the wild flower flourish when nearly every one is growing flowers and at a season of the year when cultivated cut flowers are in light demand

of course, some varieties of wild flowers have been cultivated, the dalsy being the most prominent one, perhaps, but such cultivation is not attempted to any great extent. Most often a wild variety is cultivated, because of some resigning fadeal. extent. Most often a wild variety is cultivated because of some reigning fad, although in some cases the natural attractiveness of the flower secures for it such an honor. The fad today, however, is the wild flower pure and simple, and not to have a bunch of them on the street or at home is to confess your ignorance of quite the proper thing, you know!

CRIPPLES WERE HEALED.

Amusing Incident of Semi-Savage Rule in the Hawaiian Islands.

From the Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Judge Austin of Hilo relates some interesting experiences of his own while secretary to Princess Ruth, in 1854. At that time she was the governess of Hawaii. He had been appointed secretary, but with orders from Kamehameha III that Keelikolani should never interfere with his work. In that year there was a large manded to assemble by her in order to explain to the people the tax laws and to erforce the payment of taxes. A large larai was provided, in which the meeting took place, and she proposed to address

It was the unwritten law that the very old and infirm, all cripples and incurables, should be exempt from taxation. The natives were unwilling to pay taxes, so they prepared for the meeting.

Many who were young men and in the Many who were young men and in the best physical condition came in, appearing to be doubled up with disease. Many used staffs and walked with trembling steps. Some walked slowly, coughing at every step. Some held up a leg and appeared to be cripples. One enterprising native appeared on a stretcher, carried by four of his companions. When the assembly opened it appeared like a hospital without a well person in it, and it numbered several hundred. The princess made a brief address, and was followed by her secretary, Judge Austin, who told them that all present would have to pay taxes, as there was nothing the matter with them. At once there was a commotion. The as there was nothing the matter with them. At once there was a commotion. The men who were doubled up straightened themselves out. The coughing stopped. The men with "game" legs moved about quickly. The man who came in on a stretcher got up and made a speech to the crowd, showing that he had a very poor opinion of the government. The staffs were flung aside. In a few moments a fine stalwart body of men were seen taking the mountain road and moving off with perfect ease, and the lanai was littered with the debris of the materials they had used in making themselves apparent cripples and infirm.

all summer, and every scalawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned."

Perfectly Satisfied. From the New York Weekly.

Crack Boat Builder—"Ah! How-de-do, Mr. Richman? How did that rowboat I made you last summer suit?" Mr. Richman-"Perfectly!" "Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Suited perfectly, eh?" "Yes. I left it in front of my boat house Mr. Squinter-"Why don't you look where

"Why don't you go where

FIELDS AND WOODS A WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

W. J. Lampton in Life. How silvery soft the moon shone down upon the world that might in June. How sweetly the fragrance of the roses came and went upon the breathing air; and the great earth throbbed to the gentle pulses of two tende hearts that beat as one.

I had known Herbert Martin but two weeks, yet in that brief space my whole future was bound up in his life, and I waited only for that sweet smile of encourage-ment which should be the signal for me to lay all the burden of my wishes, my hopes and my fears at his feet.

And on this night in June I had asked him to walk with me to the old tree in the lawn, where we had spent so many happy hours since first I had met him and known the sunshine of his presence.

"Dear Herbert," I said, after we had communed for a few moments beneath the giant arms of the great oak, "I have some

thing to say to you." "I am sure, Miss Linger," he said, with the coy grace of an old-fashioned girl, "that whatever you may have to say it will "But I am not so sure, Herbert," I responded with that deep doub' which must come to every sincere soul at such a moment as this.

"How could you say anything to me, Miss Linger, that would not please me?" he asked, shyly.

The moon came peering through the

leaves above us, and as a silver line of light fell across his fair young face I saw the silver turn to pink upon his white fore-

the silver turn to pink upon his white forehead.

"You know," I said, with my heart beating faster each moment, "that a woman
may say some things to a man that have
the power to change his whole life."

"Yes," he almost whispered, "I think I
have read of such things in novels."

"In love stories?" I asked, laughing softly.

"I am sure they were," he smiled.

"And if I should say them to you, Herbert"—I stopped and tried to catch the light
in his great brown eyes.

"I don't know, Miss Linger," he whispered, "what it would be like."

"Don't call me 'Miss Linger," I exclaimed, impetuously. "Call me Eliza."

"You won't be angry with me if I do?"
he blushed.

"Angry with you, Herbert?" I said.

rou won't be angry with me if I do?" he blushed.

"Angry with you, Herbert?" I said.

"How could I be angry with you? You who were created for the birds to sing to; the flowers to blossom for; the sunshine to be envious of; the stars to pale their in-effectual fires before? Angry with you, darling? How could I be?"

"Oh, Eliza," he said, "you mustn't say those things to me. I am too young to listen to such words from you or from any woman. Papa has always told me that women were ever waiting and willing to flatter me, and that I must not listen."

"But do you not love to hear such things?" I answered, taking his hand in mine.

"But do you not love to hear such things?" I answered, taking his hand in mine.

"They are the sweetest I ever heard," he sighed, softly.

"And if I told you that I loved you, Herbert; that on your love my whole life depended; that without it the world would be a desert to me; that if your dear hand were not in mine to be my gentle stay and guide, I would wander away and be lost to the career which is so graidly opening before me—if I should say that to you, Herbert, what would you think?"

I waited anxiously for his answer because on that depended so much.

"Why do you say 'if,' Eliza?" he asked with a coy little smile. "Why don't you say it direct to me?"

Just to think of Herbert saying that!

My Herbert, whom I had clethed in the full garniture of guilelessness, and had worshiped as the one altogether artless.

"You enchanter," I exclaimed, catching both his hands in mine, and kissing him on one blazing cheek in spite of his struggles. "Oh, you more than wise charmer of womankind. Do you thus doubt me?"

He laughed with a cutel chirp, as of a bird, and smoothed out his rumpled necktie.

"And why shouldn't I, when you preface

tie.
"And why shouldn't I, when you preface asked as he moved over to the farther end

asked as he moved over to the farther end of the rustic seat.

"But you know that I love you, Herbert," I insisted. "How could I help oving you?"

"It is easy to love when one is in the moonlight of a night in June," he said tenderly as he gazed upward at the stars. "It is easy to love you, Herbert, under any circumstances. To love is nothing; not to love you is the task."

"How nicely you talk. Papa was right when he told me how the women could flatter when they tried."

"Don't speak so, dear one," I urged,drawing him to me once more.

"Women are deceivers ever," he laughed, quoting the revised version of the old poet,

quoting the revised version of the old and he looked up into my eyes with that look in his, which I knew could come only "Now look me square in the face you dear, bewitching little wizard." I said tele-

dear, bewitching little wizard," I said, tak-ing his face in my two hands and holding him there, "and listen to what I tell you: I love you; I love you." "And?" he added with a great overgrown interrogation point after it.
"And I shall love you forever."
"And?" he questioned again.

"And?" he questioned again.
"And I want you to love me the same."
"And?" again the interrogation, no less
maller grown by so much use.
"And I love you more every minute I
ook at you."

ook at you."
"And?" ever the "and," with that ques-"And?" ever the "and," with that questioning inflection which coaxes an answer.

"And I want you to be my own dear little husband, forever and ever, Herbert."

"Dear Eliza," he said in a tone of relief so sweetly. I thought it was the stars singing together as in the old time, and he laid his head upon my shoulder and I felt the clinging grasp of a hand that would be in my hand until death should come and take it away.

and take it away.
"Darling." I murmured and our lips met "Darling," I murmured and our lips met. Even so, and as the nights of later Junes come to us again, and the moon lets down its silver chords to bind us together to that one night in June when first we started upon the path our feet have trod so happily since, I can only be thankful that I have won Herbert's love, and that as he clung to me then, he clings to me still and my loving care and protection

as he clung to me then, he clings to me still, and my loving care and protection have been to him all that his dear heart could have wished.

As for myself, there are no heights to which I may attain that with me Herbert shall not go as a husband whose great love makes him the equal of his wife in all the honors the world may confer upon her.

A perfect husband, nobly planned,
To love, to comfort and command.

Written for The Evening Star.

Washington. "The city of magnificent distances!"— Ay, so it is, though erst in scorn so named; Yet other titles well may be by't claimed—

The city of magnificent forest trees, And city of flowers, for it is both of these, But chief, the last—of Flora's fairest famed From Outre-Mer, and those wise Art has tam The free-born wildlings of our woods and leas.

They smile along its green-parked avenues; Its statued squares and circles quaintly fill In groups that every upon new blooms discloss They charm it with sweet odors and bright hue The city of flowers, from the first daffodil Till fall the last chrysmithennin and rose.

A Birthday Rondeau. (May 6.)
wish you joy on this your natal day,
When flowers deck earth, green leaves garb every

tree, And love's sweet impulse, all hearts haste to obey When air grows mild, the heavens soft hues dis And the glad streams dance on with melody. Methinks for you the birds more blithesomely

Joins merry May, rejoicing, when I say,

I wish you joy. ling, while the West breathes blessing, and with m ot only now, but in the years to be,

May all the best life boasts attend your wayove, and esteem, and great felicity; ove, and esteem, and great relicity; Yes, whether, as now, a maiden fair and free, Or, some time, blushing in a bride's array, I wish you joy.
-W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Their Idea of Life. From the Cincinnati Tribune.

two hundred trains leaving daily.

"The great trouble with young men who want to see life," remarked the corn-fed philosopher, "is that they imagine that there is none of it worth seeing by day-light."

The Silver Lining.

Chicagoan-"What is the most pleasing discovery you've made since your stay here?" New Yorker-"The fact that there are OUTING COSTUMES.

Some of the Stylish Designs for Golf, Hunting, Yachting, &c. A woman who lays any claim at all to

being in the swell set now prepares for the summer sporting season, exactly as a man does She has to have her hunting boots and climbing shoes, her guns and golf sticks, tennis rackets and togs, just as men have them, though, as a matter of course, the racket has a bow of ribbon to match the predominant color in her frock, and her gun and fishing rod have a stream



ing rod have a stream-er or two somewhere about them. A wo-man is a woman, wherever you find her, and she wears her trousers and high boots with a greater difference than does a man who dons her a man who dons he dress on occasion. She's bound to catch She's bound to catch them up when she crosses a puddle of water on her heels, and she never will learn that she must not sit on her coat talls. But she goes on acquiring a liking for both just the same. Whether one likes it or not one has

on acquiring a liking for both just the same. Whether one likes it or not, one has got to "lump it," as the children say, and lock to see women wearing abbreviated skirts and none at all, pretty much every place one goes this summer, because women are going in for "sporting" more than ever

out A very good authority says that goli is especially well adapted for women, ir fact, about the most rational outdoor game fact, about the most rational outdoor game that women can play. A woman who plays golf has got to be dressed for it. She can't go out in a trim long-talled gown and compete with her less conventional sister in long distance tramping over the "links." Her shoes should be easy, her skirts above her ankles and loose and flowing, her corets must give her room to expand and a sets must give her room to expand, and a blouse is the only comfortable thing for a

blouse is the only comfortable thing for a waist.

White duck and whipcord and white pique make bewitching golf gowns, with blouses of soft bright silk. One young debutante will play golf this summer in a

white wool crepon skirt that is banded with three rows of red satin, and a blouse of the same shade of surah. It's stunning and no mis-take. Being one of the "snow maidens" who never gets flushthe "snow maidens"
who never gets flushed when exercising,
she can stand those
colors, not many
could. A soft, firm
serge makes the best
skirt, and under it
should be worn Turkish trousers of silk ish trousers of silk almost the same color. The

less resistance than any other material for an underskirt for a woman who wishes to an underskirt for a woman who wishes to do much walking.

For hunting, fishing and mountain climb-ing a very different dress is necessary.

The acceptable one comes just a little be-low the knees, where it meets long but-toned leather leggings, which are drawn over boots laced high on the leg. In some over boots laced high on the leg. In some cases the boots lace nearly to the knees, and then the leggings are dispensed with. The skirt ought to be of some heavy, firm woolen goods and have very little fullness in it, and not a bit of trimming, as a matter of course. Jersey web trousers to wear under it, and a coat and walstcoat complete the costume, in which a woman can get about just as well as a man. A soft hat of the Alpine variety should be worn, and all attempts at coupettish head dress nat of the Aipine variety should be worn, and all attempts at coquettish head dress laid aside. One or two misguided women are planning white serge hunting dresses! It would take at least two a day to keep them presentable. The woman who does not want to be counted a nuisance on an "expedition" will always attire herself simply and pack as little lurgage as possible. ply and pack as little luggage as possible.

The place to display pretty and effective tollets is aboard a yacht. The yachting dress is susceptible of exquisitely dainty arrangement, and the woman so fortunate as to get invited to take a trip aboard one of



a trip aboard one of the elegant yachts so common about the summer watering summer watering places on the coast can please herself and Dame Fashion too by selecting almost any elegant material she likes, so she gives it a nautical touch in make Of touch in make. Of

ourse, serges and mohairs, crepons and cravenette are the most serviceable, and white with braidings of blue or red the most popular. It isn't advisable to put any more frills on them than on the hunting dress, though Vandyke emon the hunting dress, though Vandyke em-broidery and heavy lace is sometimes employed about the shoulders as in the illus-tration. Unless you want a neck like tanned leather, don't bare it in sailor fashio ned leather, don't bare it in sailor fashion to the sea wind's kisses. They are unkind to a dainty skin. The regular sailor waist is not so popular now as the chic little jacket, but it may give way to the plain back and blouse front before the season is over, as everything else blds fair to do.

CAT AND DOG FRIENDS

Slight Misunderstanding Which Was Satisfactorily Explained. Tommy Kirby is a cat. His habitat is of Capitol Hill Among his many friends and

admirers Tommy Kirby numbers a large Newfoundland dog, called Jack, who lives at the same house with Tommy Kirby The two are often seen in each other's company, and on hot afternoons take their siestas on the same back porch in the most amiable, friendly fashion. They have a most thorough understanding, and on meeting after a brief separation will express their mutual satisfaction in short express their indual satisfaction in short cries and ejaculations in their own lan-guage, which they seem perfectly to under-stand. The other afternoon Newfoundland Jack lay wrapped in slumber in the yard. Tomny Kirby came out and, after look-ing up and down the causeway, concluded to me over and visit a friend named Billy. to go over and visit a friend named Billy, who was himself a cat of worth, and belonged to Tommy 'Kirby's set. He was picking his way across the street with that dignity and composure that some cats assume, when he encountered a strange dog. The dog was disposed to make it a case of assault and battery. Now, Tommy Kirby is a cat of great valor, and the neighborhood has night after night rung with his war whoons. to go over and visit a friend named Billy with his war whoops.

Instead of flying from his assailant he

came to a full stop; made green his eyes enlarged his tail until it looked as if it was meant to clean lamp chimneys, and gave his back an arch of much hauteur. Then he spat with exceeding emphasis, and as one who announced himself ready for as one who announced himself ready for the worst. When Tommy Kirby had thus fixed himself, what they would in St. Louis call his tout ensemble very much daunted the strange dog. Instead of rushing wildly in and rending Tommy Kirby as he had at first proposed, he gave way to clamorous barkings. This uproar aroused Newfoundland Jack, who came tearing to the scene Never having

came tearing to the scene. Never having beheld his friend Tommy Kirby in this heroic guise Newfoundland Jack utterly falled to recognize him. Being a dog of vigorous methods he unhesitatingly asvigorous methods he unhesitatingly as-sailed Tommy Kirby out of hand. Such base behavior on the part of his friend and ally was too much for the composure of Tommy Kirby. He straightened the arch Tommy Kirby. He straightened the arch out of his spinal column, lowered his tail and fled with a screech of pained surprise. Then it was that Newfoundland Jack recognized him. He looked after Tommy Kirby, while grief and remorse shone in his eyes. He was full of apology to the brim. This lasted for a moment, and then the meditations of Newfoundland Jack took a new turn. He abruptly fell upon the strange dog, whose caitiff uproar had gotten him into this mess, and gave him took a new turn. He abruptly fell upon the strange dog, whose caitiff uproar had gotten him into this mess, and gave him such a trouncing as few dogs get, and which sent the strange dog howling from the scene at a faster pace even than that of Tommy Kirby. The next day Newfoundland Jack and Tommy Kirby were seen sedately walking the yard together; so they must have made mutual explanations.

Where They Hung It.

From the Indianapolis Journal.
"You remember Daubyn's new picture that he went about praising to the skies?"
"Yes."
"Well, that was where the committee hung it.'

Drew the Right Inference. From the Chicago Record.

The Girl—"Lottie told me the other day that she had no idea of such a thing as



SQUARE OPERA HOUSE.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

barber shop and toilet rooms. The structure will be lighted throughout by electricity and heated by steam, the dynamog and engines to be located under the rear alley and separated from the main building by a fire-proof wall.

The Building Which Will Occupy the Old

Blaine House Site.

Steel Construction Will Be Used—A

Description of the Interior and the Roof Garden.

barber shop and toilet rooms. The structure will be lighted throughout by electricity and heated by steam, the dynamog and engines to be located under the rear alley and separated from the main building by a fire-proof wall.

The main entrance to the theater will be thirty-six feet wide and only a couple of steps up from the sidewalk, and opening into a lobby which will be finished in mahogany and floored in mosaics, from which two broad marble staircases will lead to the upper floors. The officer of the theater will be in the northwest corner of the building. In the southwest corner will be the the Roof Garden.

The Lafayette Square Opera House which is being erected upon the site of the old Blaine residence on Madison place, just above Pennsylvania avenue, will be completed and ready for occupancy next September. Mr. John W. Albaugh, the wellknown and popular theatrical manager, will assume the management of the new theater upon completion, and promises to make it strictly a first-class house of amuse-

The new building will have a frontage of nearly seventy feet, with a depth of 146 feet, with public alleys on three sides, thus affording ample exits. The ground contains about 10,000 square feet. Madison place is ninety feet wide, including a thirty-fivefoot pavement and parking. The building will be six stories in height, with a roof garden. The work will be pushed as rapidly as possible, in order to open on Monday, ly as possible, in order to open on another, september 23 next, as has been arranged. The work of excavation has been completed, and the steel frame construction is under headway. This mode of construction has been adopted throughout the building, from the basement to the highest point in the roof garden, which will tend, it is claimed, to make it one of the few absolutely fire-proof theaters in the country. lutely fire-proof theaters in the country. The foundations are composed of a framework of columns of steel, built on concrete seven feet thick. The buff brick which will fill in the skeleton frame of the building will serve merely as a protection from the weather.

The style of the exterior will be of the classic Grecian order. It will be built of classic Grecian order. It will be built of gray polished granite to the portico, above the first story, and buff brick ornamented with buff terra cotta will constitute the remainder of the front elevation. The columns of the colonnade in front of the first story will be of polished granite. The drawing from which the cut accompanying this article was made was prepared by Mcssrs. Wood & Lovell of Chicago, the architects of the building. Located in the basement of the building will be Turkish baths, the floor and walls being laid in tiling and white marble; and in addition a

THE LAMP SHADE.

The evolution of the lamp shade has been

of mushroom growth. We all remembe

of impossible nature, which decorated the

of avarice and profit.

It is too true that the sweating system

It is too true that the sweating system pervades the manufacture of these airy trifles, as it does that of practical shirts, ceats and trousers. Poor pay close measures, long hours, pale faces, ceaseless labor for a starved existence—inese belong to the gesamer shades as to the prosaic clothing. The production of lamp shades is an enormous business. The majority seen in

enormous business. The majority seen in

enormous business. The majority seen in the shop windows are made by the whole-sale in great work rooms in the large cities. One may reflect, while looking at them, that hundreds of gentle girls and older women are seated all day long, plying the reedle as fast as they may, for pay depends upon the number of shades turned out in a day. The work is generally done by the

day. The work is generally done by the piece, so the incentive to labor rapidly is

women. Shirring, gathering and plaiting are largely done by machine in piece Extra fine material is intrusted only to

extera fine material is intrusted only to expert workers, and they do all the detail by hand. Like all trades, there are the good, bad and indifferent workers, and prices are puid accordingly, but even with fair workers it is found hard to make a few dollars over living expenses.

Hit It at Once.

"You mean alone, don't you?"
"Yes; a loan—that's it exactly. I want to
corrow a dollar."

The Old Man's Idea

From the Indianapolis Journal.
"Gosh!" said Mr. Jason, stopping on the

corner and turning clear around to get an-

other look at the young woman passing by

be nigh the same as tunnelin' into a ging-ham sunbonnet, like a fellow had to do

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.
"Can I see you apart for a moment?"

From the New York Times.

also rise in a series of curved sound boards, which will greatly increase the acoustic properties of the house. The latest improved system of ventilation will be used.

The stage, like the other parts of the building, is also to be constructed of fire-proof material, and equipped with the latest fire-proof scenery. A rigging loft, sixty-five feet above the stage floor, will be erected, from which all the scenery and drops will be operated. Beneath this loft will be a narrow gallery, on either side of which will be the steel ropes and pulleys used in securing the scenery work from the stage floor. A handsomely painted asbestos curtain will be raised and lowered by an electrical arrangement connected

will be in the northwest corner of the building. In the southwest corner will be the elevators. The house will have a seating capacity of 1,800. In the auditorium the foyer will not be railed off, but marked by statues and ornamental vases. The main floor, which will be laid in tiling, will rise in five tiers, and a feature will be its construction on the cantilever plan, so that there will be only two supporting columns on the main floor and three in the balconies. None of these will interfere with a view of the stage from any seat in the house, as they are set in the rear of the last row. The chairs will be of iron, with leaher seats and backs of mahogany, and will be fastened to a wooden strip embedded in the floor for that purpose. There will be

in the floor for that purpose. There will be no center aisle, means of egress being fur-nished by two side aisles sloping directly

nished by two side aisles sloping directly to the stage.

Above the auditorium will be a mezzanine floor, divided into thirty stalls, seating from four to eight persons each. There will be sixteen proscenium boxes, eight on either side, adjoining a reception room and promenade. The ornamentation of the fronts of the balconies will be composed of artistic wrought steel, as will also be the doors throughout the building. A new feature will be the ceiling, which will slope down to the top of the proscenium arch, thus forming an immense sounding board. The ceilings of the proscenium boxes will also rise in a series of curved sound boards, which will greatly increase the acoustic

bestos curtain will be raised and lowered by an electrical arrangement connected with the rack of the musical director.

A roof garden, accommodating 1,500 people, will be connected with other portions of the house by two commodious elevators.

The new theater will open on the date stated with the Lillian Russell Comic Opera Company, in a new opera by De Koven and Smith. J. M. Wood is personally superintending the construction of the building and Paul Deconnor is the contractor.

DON'T TALK TO THE BABY. A Great Industry Born of the Demand for These Trifles. Mothers Often Do Serious Harm by Much Talking and Fondling.

From the Philadelphia Times.
"What, not talk to my baby!" exclaimed the young mother, who sat holding her three-months-old baby and chattering to it

the little green pasteboard affair, with its pictures of family groups and landscapes with the fond foolishness of which young mothers are capable. of impossible nature, which decorated the family drop-light barely ten years ago. Its present representative has opened a very broad avenue of trade, and a corresponding one in the exercise of talent and artistic ingenuity. Little thought the woman, whose "No, my dear; don't talk to him so much, not nearly so much," replied the older wo man. "Dear as he is, you must not forget

how delicate in every way a tiny baby is. The young mother was sobered, but n The young mother was sobered, but not convinced. "How can it possibly hurt him?" she asked. "He cannot understand me, and I do so love to see him smile and answer my talk with his happy look."

"Which proves that he does understand, and in his way replies to your loving still." btle instincts of art and beauty led her subtle instincts of art and beauty led her to first fold a bit of colored tissue paper around her porcelain lamp shade to screen the eyes, what she was bringing into the world. Little she dreamed of the beauty, art and delicacy of color she was ushering in on the one hand, and the important industry, with all the ramifications of such industry, on the other. That feminine touch for taste and comfort has changed

"Which proves that he does understand, and in his way replies to your loving talk; and it is that which is the strain. You take beautiful care to feed the baby with the greatest exactness and to keep him clothed daintily and comfortably, and that is right. His brains, however, are just as weak and undeveloped as is his body. What his small mind needs most is rest, and when you talk to him the tax on his mentality is beyond its strength. It is like hurrying the unfolding of a rose by pulling the leaves of the bud apart.

"Of course, all bables are not so sensitive, but I know of a little six-months baby, a little girl, who has been very ill of serious brain trouble, whoily brought on by the continued attentions of a large and admiring circle of friends proud of an unusually bright baby. Another baby girl of eighteen months began to droop, apparently for no from a tiny bud to a full-grown flower of great beauty. Alas, that the dark roots and vigorous branches which give it exist-ence should be repeating the same old story

bright baby. Another baby girl of eighteen months began to droop, apparently for no reason; nothing helped her, though much was tried. The puzzled physician instituted careful inquiry, and found that she had been coaxed to dance a little each day, because 'it was so cute to see her.' An immediate stopping of the practice, with rest and quiet, restored her to health again. A young babe cannot be kept too much like a little animal; let him sleep and eat, and eat to sleep again, keeping him in cool, well-ventilated rooms and not too much in strong light, either of the sun or artificial light. piece, so the incentive to labor rapidly is provided.

A good trimmer can make two plano lamp shades in a day, for which she may receive \$1 or \$2\$ aplece, according to the amount of labor and elegance of the affair. Prices for cheaper and smaller shades range from ten cents up. Very small candle shades are quickly worked off, and a good hand can cover four or six a day. Considering the price of these little and big elegancies to the purchaser, the cost of labor is a bagatelle, and the reflection is obvious that "some cne" makes money in the business. Notwithstanding this disproportion between the price paid by the consumer and the cost of production, so keen is the desire for profit that at least one big manufacturing house, it is said, sends frames and materials to Mexico, where they are made up for a few cents.

Material is cut and made into packages ready for the individual worker by forewomen. Shirring, gathering and plaiting are largely done by machine in piece.

strong light, either of the sun or arthumalight.

"Be advised early, and let your baby alone. Let him grow naturally, and not by any forcing process. One more don't. Don't send him to ride on noisy streets, under the elevated roads, or along the trolley or cable lines. Those are not nervesoothing places for an outing to an adult, much less to a tender, delicate baby."

SWALLOWED HIS BATON.

A French Drum Major Who Introduced a New Act. From the New York World.

A decidedly unique variation of a drum

major's usual performance when on re-view occurs in one of the French regiments of the line-or, rather, did occurfor the colonel of that regiment has now put down his foot and issued a positive fiat that his subordinate shall henceforward confine himself to orthodox tricks.

The musical leader in question had at one period of his life been a mountebank, and evidently a good one, for, after practicing evidently a good one, for, after practicing in secret a number of times, he astonished the regiment, drawn up in review one day, by suddenly throwing his stick high in air, catching it in his mouth upon its descent, and swallowing fully half of it. Having accomplished this gastronomic diversion, he stood for a moment while the spectators gazed in awed amazement, and then disgorged the half of the baton which he had swallowed and continued his march

down the line.

He repeated this trick a good many times and the regiment was very proud of him but it brought it such an unenviable repu-tation that the colonel finally had to stop aght it such an unenviable repu-t the colonel finally had to stop his performance is thoroughly



when I was a boy."





Evolution from a P. D. Q. locomotive to the president of the road.-Life